WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE A STAR? – A BEGGAR BOY WONDERED.
IT IS TO INCORPORATE HELIOTIC GLORY, NO MATTER WHETHER HIGH OR LOW.
IT IS TO REVERE IN THE GARDENS OF GAIA, TO WIN COMMAND THROUGH WISDOM OF NATURE
IT IS TO UNDERSTAND THE LIVING AND THE DEAD IN TRANQUIL ABIDING AMONG ASPHODEL'S MEADOWS OF HEROES
IT IS TO CONJURE POETRY AND MESSAGES, UPON THE AETHYRS OF GODS
IT IS TO LAY YOUR WEAPONS AT THE ALTARS OF LOVE AND TO LOSE IT ALL.
IT IS TO TRAIN MARTIAL LIKE VALOUR WITHIN ONE'S SPIRIT.
IT IS TO BE A NOBLE KING, AN ARCHITECT AND GREAT REFORMER.
IT IS TO BE AN EMPEROR-PHILOSOPHER, A SAGELY HYPOPHET
IT IS TO BE MAGICIAN, A CHARTER DIVINE OF THE STARS AND DIVINE MOVEMENTS.
IT IS TO BE A DREAMER, CONJURING AND DISPELLING ILLUSIONS IN THE HALLS OF MIRRORS
IT IS TO REJOICE IN THE ROBES OF THE MOTHER OF GODS, THE STARRY LORE.
IT IS YOUR LIFE'S SUMMATION.
AND YOU WERE ALL THAT, VERITABLY, BEGGAR BOY.
NOW, COME, JOIN THE GODS.

ORDER IS NECESSARY FOR FREEDOM, EUDAIMONIA, VIRTUE, REASON, EDUCATION TO THRIVE
ORDER IS SEEN BY THE INNER EYE IN PERFECTED MINDS, IT IS THEIR BEAUTY.
IN THE CHAOS OF THE UNIVERSE, THOSE WHO SEE ORDER, SEE THE DIVINITY OF THE SPECTACLE.
THEY SAY THAT IF A MONKEY WAS TO TAP ON A TYPEWRITER INFINITELY, EVENTUALLY IT WOULD WRITE A VERY GOOD PHILOSOPHICAL BOOK
SIMILAR TO CHAOS MAGICIANS
EVENTUALLY THEY ARE EFFECTIVE.
CONSUMED BY THEIR OWN INNER DISCORD.
MIXING EVERYTHING, IGNORING THE ORDER, PRETENDING THEY ARE THE SOLIPSISTIC BEHOLDERS
DESTROYING THEIR SOULS IN SHRAPNEL OF MADNESS AWEORGASM OF TERROR AND PAINSTASY. DERANGEMENT.
I PREFER TO KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. YOU CAN CALL ME A CONTROL FREAK.
EVEN AMONG THE TITANIC BIOASTRALISTIC WEIRD FORCES OF THE TRICHILOCOSM, THE LIGHT OF ORDER KEEPS ME GOING.
AND THEN...BACK TO MY LIBRARY COOKIES AND COFFEE.

THE ELECTIONS WERE STAGED IN 2015. LONE WOLF OPERATION AGAINST THE CONTROLLER OF THAT ORANGE SWINE.
RAW PSIONICS ASSAULT, PHOTIC TRANSCRIPTION OF A SPACE-TIME ELECTROMAGNETIC FRAME WITH THE FULL-SCAN OF THE ORANGE PIG.
IMMEDIATE RESPONSE, GOVERNMENTAL SHAPESHIFTING AGENTS VIOLENTLY ASSAULTED HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM. AT LEAST HE SUCCEEDED AT PIERCING THROUGH THE CONTROLLER-ENTITY DEFENCES. OTHERWISE THEY WOULDN'T PANIC.
2017.
AIR FORCE ONE AND DOOMSDAY PLANE WITH THAT POPULIST RIGHT-WING PIG ON MOSCOW'S PAYROLL, DUGIN'S EUROASIAN PLAN. IF WE HAD STINGERS WE WOULD TAKE BOTH OF THEM DOWN.
BUT ASSASSINATIONS MAKE HEROES OUT OF SCUM, IT WAS BETTER TO WAIT UNTIL THE IDIOT FINISHES HIMSELF OFF WITH HIS STUPIDITY.
WE ALL HAD TO WAIT. WHILE PIGS OF APOPHIS WERE GAINING POWER.
THE QUESTION IS HOW LONG WILL HE EVADE PUNISHMENT.
REGULAR, HUMAN COURT.
WITH OTHER POPULIST LYING, DEMAGOGIC, CHARLATAN-TYPE SCUM.

ANNO BASTARDI 2055. ILLUMINATUS LODGE. SOMEWHERE SOMEPLACE.
ADEPTUS MINOR, IS THE PRACTICUS READY?
JUST LIKE FORESWORN
REMEMBER, BOW TO OUR SECRET MASTER, IPSISSIMUS, HE IS NOTHING LIKE YOU IMAGINE
FRATER MARCUS TOOK THE BLINDFOLDS OFF AND WAS ASTONISHED AT FIRST....
WELCOME, INITIATE OF THE FIRST GRADE!
BAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
HE COMMITTED A GREAT SACRILEGE, RUNNING AWAY FROM THE WONDER OF WONDERS. THE ARCH STONE OF THE SHRINERS.
DA FUCK DID I?! WHAT DID I?! HOW DA FUCK THIS?!!!
RUN TO THE HILLS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
ESCAPE IS FUTIILE.
MARK WOKE UP AND SAID NEVER TO USE THE NAME OF THE LORD IN VAIN. SINCE THEN HE SAID ILLUMINATI ARE EVIL. HE CRIED PUBLICLY AND CONFESSED IT TO HIS PRIEST, TWICE, AND TORTURED PASSERS-BY WITH HIS RELIGIOUS BULLSHIT.
SHH. ONCE GOATIZED, ALWAYS GOATIZED.

HE NEVER PAID ATTENTION TO JUDEO-CHRISTIAN MONGRELS
THEIR CONDESCENDING LIES WERE CONTRADICTING EVERYTHING HE SAW, EXPERIENCED, LIVED THROUGH
THAT NAGGING RELIGIOUS LOT.
OTHER MORTALS WERE RARELY OF INTEREST TO HIM, A LONG TIME AGO....
...IN HIS VISIONS, DREAMS, ACTS, HE TRIED TO CHANGE THEM, REFORM THEM, ACT UPON THEM...FOOL!
IT IS THE WORLD THAT CHANGED HIM, HE INSPIRED SOME, BROADCASTED SOME IDEAS WORLDWIDE, BUT OF WHAT USE WAS THAT?
SURE, THERE ARE DARK FORCES, IF YOU ASK, BUT NOT UNLIKE RELIGIOUS CROWDS IMAGINE, HE MASTERED THEM AND BEFRIENDED THEM
THE GODS LIKED HIM
WITHOUT BEING A KING, AN EMPEROR
HE WAS A BIT LIKE THEM
WONDERS OF THE NIGHT-SKY, WONDERS IN DAYLIGHT, TEACHINGS OF THE WISE, MAGNIFICENT, PERFECTED.
CONJURING HORRORS AND NIGHTMARES, BEAUTIES AND DELIGHTS.
HE WAS A MONSTER, SURE, BUT WHO IS NOT ONE IN THE EYES OF ETERNITY'S SURE PRESAGE, A MONSTER OF NATURE, MORTALITY, TRANSIENCE AND OF THE DIVINE
THERE'S NO DUALITY HERE
WITNESS HOW WE FALL INTO MORTAL VEHICLES, DIONISIAN TOMBS AND WHAT BECOMES OF US.
IN THE VERY END, WE ARE CLAIMED BACK BY OUR STARS, THE RELIEF...

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE CHRISTIAN FANATIC
WHAT DO YOU WANT AGAIN FANATIC IDIOT? WHO'VE LET YOU INTO THIS LIBRARY?
THE PRIEST TOLD ME, THE DEVIL IS HANDSOME, SPEAKS LANGUAGES, KNOWS MAGICK, IS AN ERUDITE, SCIENTIFIC, PAGAN, WELL-READ, INTELLIGENT, KNOWLEDGEABLE, YOU ARE THE ANTICHRIST, SATAN HIMSELF, I HAVE UNCOVERED YOU!!
FUCK OFF, WILL YOU? I'M A MORTAL, LIKE YOU, THE DIFFERENCE IS - I'M A GENIUS, AND YOU'RE AN IMBECILE.
LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN YOUR BIBLE: "IDIOTS READING JUST ONE BOOK IN A LIFETIME SHALL BURN IN HELLS FOREVER" - EXODUS 9:11
THAT THAT CAN'T BE, JESUS SAID, THE CHURCH!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN READ IT, DID YOU? THAT ONE BLOODY BOOK OF JEWISH SCRIPTURES AND GNOSTIC JEWISH MASH-UPS?
YOU DEVIL! YOU ARE POSSESSED!
MY POSSESSIONS ARE MY BUSINESS, YOU ARE POSSESSED BY YOUR RELIGION MORRON, NOW - FUCK OFF
RUN BEFORE THE GREAT DEMON PIKACHUMISSIMU WILL DEVOUR YOUR SOUL
NOOOOO. JUST NOT PIKAKAMISKUUUUUU!

"OLD TIMER CRONE PRICKS ENCOUNTER A NEW AGE WITCH"
FRATER MU, CAN YOU INSPECT THIS LADY'S CREDENTIALS?
I'M A MAGICKAL MISTRESS, I MIX SHIT WITHAL UNDERSTANDING AND MAKE MONEY OUT OF BULLSHIT I NEVER EXPERIENCED, FOOLING PEOPLE AND DELUDING MYSELF. ARCHMAGICKSTRESS!
I SPY WITH MY DEAD NECRO EYE, SHE PUT HERSELF INTO TROUBLE THAT DARLING. UNLIKE THE ABOVEMENTIONED SELF-PERCEPTION.
FOR FUCKS SAKE WHYYYY?!!!!
SHE PROBABLY USED THE WRONG CRYSTAL, OR A DAIMONIC SEAL, MAYHAPS A MISHAPPED CANDLE?
I THINK IT WAS THE WRONG TAROT DECK INDEED.
WILL WE HELP HER?
NO CHARLIE, SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HER "LESSON ON EARTH" AS NEW AGERS PUT IT, RIGHT?

A STORY ABOUT BULLSHIT AND REALIZATION, LEAST WE FORGET ALL LIBERATION
WE WANT JESUS!
PRAISE THE HEBREW GOD
GOD IN FLESH!
SALVATION FOR US
MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN, I BYPASSED THESE FOOLS IN CHILHOOD, WHAT'S YOUR ADVICE?
IGNORE THOSE HALFWITS! STAY ON YOUR PATH!
GODS AND GODDESSES ASSEMBLED.
LIBERATE WISE "HEATHENS", IGNORE THIS JUDEO-CHRISTIAN DETRITUS, LET THOSE ANIMALS SHOUT ALL THEY PLEASE.
WHAT SHALL WE DO, INTELLECT, IF EARTH IS DESTROYED BY FOOLS?

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG ANGRY MAGICKAL KID, EVERYTHING WAS SIMPLE: THE HELLS THAT WALKED WITH ME, THE GODS ABOVE, AS A CHILD I ASKED FOR FOUR THINGS:
UNDERSTANDING, WISDOM, KNOWLEDGE, LOVE, THE FOURTH PENTACLE OF MERCURY, ALLATORI
THE ANGER AND WRATH THAT ACCOMPANIED ME WAS MY CHOLERIC NATURE, MARS-LIKE I HATED IGNORANCE, DELUSION, MALICIOUS STUPIDITY, ENVIOUS SCOURGE AND FOOLS DESTROYING OTHERS.
I ALWAYS HAD ANGER ISSUES: VAJRA-STYLE, YELLING AT THE IDIOTS IN THE STREETS GAVE ME FREEDOMS. SCORNING COWARDS, THEY DIDN'T LET ME "LIVE AND LET LIVE". WITH MORTAL FOOLISHNESS THE GODS THEMSELVES FIGHT IN VAIN.
I'M OLDER NOW, NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS ARE OVER, I EVEN PITY THAT PATHETIC FIGURE THAT PONDERED IN THE PARKS OVER MISFORTUNES. HOW PETTY, CARRY ON WITH THE CHANGES AND ROUTINES.
ENEMIES. PLAYING THE ANGEL. THEY HATE LIBERATI, THEY SERVE A LESSER GODLING, THEY DETEST US, DEMI-GODS REBORN ON EARTH. ANGELS OF A JEALOUS GOD.
I REMEMBER HER, MY MISTRESS, I TRAINED HER MYSELF. SHE WAS MY SOROR MYSTICA AND NEMESIS DIVINA.HER SOUL WAS KILLED BY THE SAME FORCES THAT HATED ME. FATES ENTWINED. BUT THE SORROW, THE GRIEVING OVER HER LOSS IS LONG GONE.
WHILE MOVING AMONG BLINDMAN, THE ONE-EYED MAN IS A KING. TAT TVAM ASI, NET NETI
WORKING, TOILING, SECURING FOUNDATIONS FOR MORTAL LIFE. THE REGULAR. YES, YOU CAN TRY TO LIVE IN SUCH CONDITIONS. YOU SEE, YOUR MIND IS UNDER MAGICKAL SIEGE, YOU TRY TO HOLD ON, NEVERTHELESS.
ONE DAY, WHEN THE PIGS WILL FINISH ME OFF, THEY WILL
THEY KILL ME EVERYDAY, BUT I HAVE ME ASSOCIATES
I'VE WON ENOUGH DOMINIA AND PRINCIPALITIES ON SATURN, LIFE IS SHORT AND TRANSIENT
AFTER MY WORK IS DONE
SOMEONE IS WAITING ANYWAY..

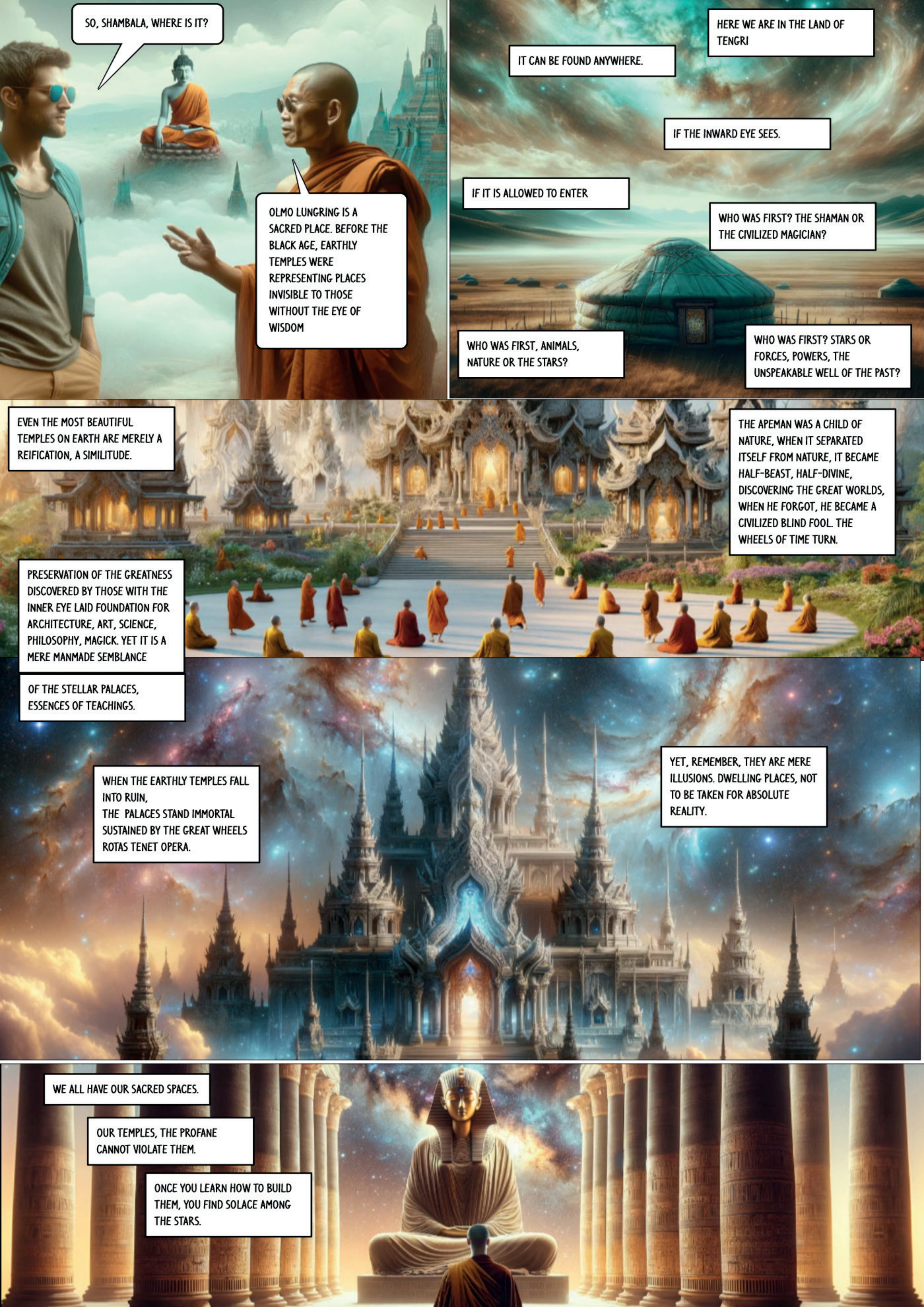
GRAND MYSTERIES OF OCCULT WRITINGS.
WHATCSSSSHA SCRIBBLINGSHH?
SHHHTELL YOUR GRANY
SHHBRIBLE SHHCRIBLE
SHURUBURU?
SHSHSHSHUPERB!
DONTCH DISSHTURB THE SSSCRIBLER OF WORDSS
WHISSHPER AND TELL MOI, SHHCRIBBLE?
TELL MOI, I'M SHE PRETTIESHT DEAD GIRLSH
SHHARMAUNT!
SHHHCRIBLE WISSHDOM
PRECIOUSSH PLEASSSHE
SHCRBILER TELL GRAMMA WITSH!
MIRORKESSH DEMONEESH
INTERROGATIONSH, SPOOKIES, SSHILENT SSHCOUNDREL!
NECROPRINCESH, IF YOU TELL USHH, I SHAAALL LMARRY SHHCRIBBLER
TELL USHH
I WASH A WHORESH, NOW IM DEATHSSH

WARSAW, DECEMBER 2007. BLOODY HOLIDAYS. I WAS STILL STUDYING IN THE UK.
AT 21 I WAS SIGNED OFF TO THE DEAD. I REGRET I DIDN'T DROP DEAD RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT.
THAT MENACING FIGURE IN THE SAXON GARDENS. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CROWS. THE SYMPOSIUM
THESE VAMPHYRI ENVIOUS IDIOTS WANTED TO CROWN ME AS THEIR KING. I REJECTED THEIR OFFER.
THEN AGAIN, I WOULD NEVER THINK THAT...
MY FUTURE WAS MERELY SURVEYING MY PAST, DEAR MEMORIES, JOYS AND SORROWS, PERFORMATIVE REVELATIONS.
AND THAT MENACING FIGURE THAT ACCOMPANIED ME THROUGHOUT MY YEARS.
WAS VERITABLY ME. SURVEYING MY LIFE, PERHAPS FOR SHARDS OF CLUES, KEYS, MEMENTO: "WHY?"
AZRA-IL, MY NOBLE FRIEND, POSSESSING A BEGGAR DRUNKARD, ONCE ASKED ME: "WHAT IS INFINITY?"
I REPLIED LATER WITH A PERFECT ANSWER, WHILE BEING STILL A MORTAL HUMAN ANMAL.
I FORGOT THE ANSWER. BUT IS IT RELEVANT AT ALL?

WARSAW IS RELATIVELY OK.
AT LEAST WHEN IT COMES TO THE "OTHER SIDE".
THE DEAD WALK AMONGST THE LIVING. VAMPIRE BITCHES IN FURS TEMPT ME AS USUAL. THEY DIDN'T TAKE A "NO" A LONG TIME AGO. I DANCED THE WALTZ, THE TANGO, THE MACABRE...
FUCKIN' SERVITORS. CHILDREN OF VAMPS THINKING THEY'RE VAMPS. POSERS, WANNABIES AND LIFESTYLERS.
BOBBY!
OLD FRIENDS REUNITE
AMONG THE IGNORANT CROWDS
LONG TIME NO SEE TOMMY BOY!
I MOVE AMONG THE BLACK PLANET I SEE THE DEMONS ET AL. IT'S WORSE. MUCH WORSE THAN YOU THINK IT IS. SOMETIMES I UNLEASH MY WINGS AND JOIN A MILITARY FORMATION OF GARGOYLES.
THAT HONEYCOMB, ARTEMIS-DRAKAINA, SOMETIMES I TURN ALL TOO GOOD. JUST FOR HER.
THEN AGAIN, I'VE GOT MY BLOODY DUTIES ELSEWHERE.

When you're dead,
Your reputation is in the red,
Your life was a waste of time,
Don't pretend you care a lot,
Remember, dance and sing:
There are three types of free people in this world:
The rich, the hobos and the dearly departed.

LISTEN, CHILD
IF YOU BABBLE LIKE A CHILD TO JUST ANYONE ABOUT EVERY ANOMALY YOU ENCOUNTER, YOU ARE INSANE. SANITY IS THE MEASURE OF REASON YOU HAVE TOWARDS ANOMALIES IN TIMES OF TURMOIL. COLD-HEADED REASON.
I KNOW, IT'S NOT EASY. IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND YOU'RE EITHER A ONE-EYED GOD, OR A LOONEY.
INSANITY MEANS TO LOSE REASON AND SELF-CONTROL. YOU MAY SEE DEMONS, THE DEAD, INTERDIMENSIONAL ENTITIES, HEAR VOICES FROM THE SKIES, WITNESS EERIE, SCIENTIFICALLY IMPLAUSIBLE ANOMALIES, TRAFFICK WITH GODS, BUT IF YOU LOSE IT, THE LAST ONE WHO WILL BELIEVE IT WILL BE YOUR PSYCHIATRIST.
HARMONY, DISCIPLINE, FORCE, BALANCE, WILLPOWER, ETHOS, RESILIENCE, CHARACTER - NICE WORDS, BUT YOU NEED TO FORGE THEM LIKE A SWORD.
YOUR MIND MAY BE SHRAPNELIZED AND MADE IN-SANE AT TIMES BY STUFF THAT PSYCHIATRISTS HAVE UNDREAMT OF, BUT IT'S STILL THE SAME TO THEM.
NEVER ENDING CYCLES OF RETURNS INTO PSYCHIATRIC GRINDHOUSES. HUMANISTIC PSYCHIATRY IS LONG OVER.
SURE, THERE ARE DAMAGED PEOPLE, BUT IF YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF, HELP YOURSELF FIRST, IF YOU END UP IN PSYCHIATRIC EMBRACE, THERE'S NO WAY OUT. SOME OF US USE IT AS A SOCIAL PROTECTIVE MECHANISM.
IF YOU DON'T BUILD YOU MENTAL DISCIPLINE, ASTRAL SELF DEFENCE, PSIONIC COMBAT MIRRORS,
WELL, IF WE WOULD BABBLE ABOUT EVERYTHING WE KNOW, LAST MAGICIANS OF RATIONAL THOUGHT,
WE WOULD END UP DRUGGED, IMPRISONED, UNTIL THEY WOULD BREAK OUR WILLS INTO THE PSYCHIATRIC PARADIGM.
ALL HUMAN EXTRA-CURRICULAR EXPERIENCES FIT NICELY INTO IT. WE'RE FUCKED BY THE "OTHER SIDE", BUT WE TALK THE PSYCHIATRIC WALK, USING IT IN OUR FAVOR.
RELIGION - IT HELPS SOME AND DESTROYS OTHERS, IT'S NOT A SAFEGROUND.
THEN AGAIN, IF YOU CAN'T COPE - WELL, PSYCHIATRY HELPS TO SEDATE YOU, PROVIDE YOU WITH PACIFICATION, PUTS INTO INTO CONTROL-ZONE, AT LEAST THAT.
NOT EVERY INSANE SOUL, MIND IS A MAGICIAN AND VICE VERSA, BUT MOST POTENT MAGICIANS MAY OFTEN GO INSANE. MIND YOU - I'VE BEEN BUSY SINCE YEARS.


SO, SHAMBALA, WHERE IS IT?
OLMO LUNGRING IS A SACRED PLACE. BEFORE THE BLACK AGE, EARTHLY TEMPLES WERE REPRESENTING PLACES INVISIBLE TO THOSE WITHOUT THE EYE OF WISDOM
IT CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE.
HERE WE ARE IN THE LAND OF TENGRI
IF THE INWARD EYE SEES.
IF IT IS ALLOWED TO ENTER
WHO WAS FIRST? THE SHAMAN OR THE CIVILIZED MAGICIAN?
WHO WAS FIRST, ANIMALS, NATURE OR THE STARS?
WHO WAS FIRST? STARS OR FORCES, POWERS, THE UNSPEAKABLE WELL OF THE PAST?
EVEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TEMPLES ON EARTH ARE MERELY A REIFICATION, A SIMILITUDE.
THE APEMAN WAS A CHILD OF NATURE, WHEN IT SEPARATED ITSELF FROM NATURE, IT BECAME HALF-BEAST, HALF-DIVINE, DISCOVERING THE GREAT WORLDS, WHEN HE FORGOT, HE BECAME A CIVILIZED BLIND FOOL. THE WHEELS OF TIME TURN.
PRESERVATION OF THE GREATNESS DISCOVERED BY THOSE WITH THE INNER EYE LAID FOUNDATION FOR ARCHITECTURE, ART, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, MAGICK. YET IT IS A MERE MANMADE SEMBLANCE
OF THE STELLAR PALACES, ESSENCES OF TEACHINGS.
WHEN THE EARTHLY TEMPLES FALL INTO RUIN, THE PALACES STAND IMMORTAL SUSTAINED BY THE GREAT WHEELS ROTAS TENET OPERA.
YET, REMEMBER, THEY ARE MERE ILLUSIONS. DWELLING PLACES, NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR ABSOLUTE REALITY.
WE ALL HAVE OUR SACRED SPACES.
OUR TEMPLES, THE PROFANE CANNOT VIOLATE THEM.
ONCE YOU LEARN HOW TO BUILD THEM, YOU FIND SOLACE AMONG THE STARS.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN, AND YOU'RE DONE WITH IDIOTS OF THIS WORLD.
WHEN YOU NO LONGER WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS WORLD.
YOUR GENERATIONAL TRAUMA DOESN'T HEAL.
REMEMBER...

AN ARMY OF WITCH-GRANNIES.

IS ALWAYS STANDING BEHIND YOU.